

TRUTH

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE SOUL.

One thinks the soul is air; another fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another faith the elements comprise,
And to her essence each do give a part.
But, as the sharpest eye discerneth naught,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort and my parents idolized me their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of my morning glass.

One Sunday at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whippersnapper words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was some scheme to unite church and State.

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching at the door wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them and a general stillness pervaded throughout the room.

The men were those engaged in appearance, one being short, thick set in his build; the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good natured look, as he leisurely looked around over the audience.

But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked glaucous like as he stood, and his eyes, which were white, his brow deeply creased with wrinkles, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar above his right eye.

The younger man rose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing the fanaticism, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward, as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man rose, his tall form in its symmetry and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath, through his dilated nostrils. To me, at that time there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous tone, commenced. There was a deathly silence, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the eye of the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any I ever witnessed.

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker locked his hands together, and continued: "Oh, God! thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that the darkness has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just. I am an old man, and I stand alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and I

look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home!—It was not once so."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not once so.—Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness at home. I reigned again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife, a fair angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven over the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it liveth with one who to death clings, and never will be severed."

"Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor.—The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my forehead. My boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone, and the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern.—She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me that she had no more. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in its cradle awoke, and set up a fainting wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. My one kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad pleading face and streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie, as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind whirled with a cloud of snow. With you at a fiend, I still dragged her on, and hurried her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild hal! hal! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast, and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not yet complete."

"I turned on the little bed where lay my older son and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, I opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear, he called me by a name I could no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frozen grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil, as I was, I shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his chest heaved like a storm-wracked sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for my wife. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy scene of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to see what it was. It was—O my God! how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed her self over her child, and wrapped all her clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The first was white in its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers, I knew not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of

low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. Oh God, no!—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no man. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat, and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten times if I had the ink, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote, "MORTIMER HUNSON."

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and death like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up his left arm, from which the sleet had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eye, but reeled and gasped—

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks, until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let us thank God for the great blessing which has gladdened my gull-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

ICE FROM THE GLOWING CRUCIBLE.—The article entitled "The First Idea of Everything," in our last number, abundantly showed that there may be, literally and materially, nothing new under the sun; yet, so many new facts, principles, and laws, are almost daily coming to light, that the world is in no want of novelties. Thus, a new branch of physics has of late years been inaugurated by the discovery of what is called the spheroidal state of matter. When we had got as far as steam and gas, we fancied we had fathomed the uttermost secrets of nature; but now marvels which a writer of fiction could hardly dare to introduce into a fairy tale or legend, turn out to be incontestably and demonstrably true. For instance, a bold experimentalist—some people might call him an impudent quack—set his heart on manufacturing a lump of ice. And where does he succeed in making it? Of all preposterous places in the world, he produces it inside a glowing crucible standing in a heated furnace; the heat of the furnace, moreover, not being the gentle temperature which bakers use to reduce beef and potatoes to a savory dish nicely browned and with the gravy in, but a chemist's white heat; and the bit of ice, so turned out, is not a half melted hailstone, which you would suck with pleasure (if clean) after a summer afternoon's thunder storm, but a diabolical little lump of such intense coldness that you take it to be the concentration of a whole Russian winter, or an essential drop distilled out of the very North Pole itself.

Household Words.

The Printing Office has indeed proved a better college to many a boy, has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society, has brought more intelligence out and turned it into practical useful channels, awakened more minds, generated more active and elevated thought than many of the literary colleges of the country. The present Governor of Pennsylvania, Wm. F. Packard, graduated in what has just been styled the "Poor Boy's College," a printing office, as did also our distinguished United States Senator, Simon Cameron, and the eminent Pennsylvania jurist, Ellis Lewis, besides a host of other brilliant names who have taken their stations in the Bar. A boy who commences in such a school as the printing office will have his talent and ideas brought out; and if he is a careful observer, experience in his profession will contribute more toward an education than can be obtained in almost any other manner.

MINERAL WEALTH OF SONORA.—Major Steen has given the editors of the *Santa Fe Gazette* a very interesting account of the mineral wealth of Sonora. He expresses the opinion that Sonora is far more prolific of gold and silver than California, and if a territory of the United States, would yield many millions annually. He says he has seen single lumps of gold taken from the mines there worth from \$3000 to \$5000. He likewise states that he has seen a "cord" of silver in bars, and it mined without machinery. There is a strong desire on the part of the men of property in Sonora to declare the State independent, and then *à la Texas*, to annex it to the United States. There are men there who would give a million of dollars for the accomplishment of such an end. Under Mexican rule, with revolution the main element of society, their property is comparatively worthless. Under the protecting care of our system of jurisprudence and civil government, it would be invaluable.

QUITE NATURAL.—It is stated in a Cape Cod paper that the mackerel, though not decreasing in numbers, are becoming every year harder and harder to catch. We suppose they are getting smarter and more knowing. It is a very natural supposition, for they are generally found in schools.

ORTHOGRAPHIC.—A model young lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen of the Panola can drink to such a recess, when they know that it is so conjurious to the institutions."—*Panola Star*.

THE MAMMOTH TREES.

The correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Mariposa county, California, under date of May 14th, 1858, says:

"I am in the midst of the Mammoth Grove of Mariposa. On all sides of me are numerous giants of the forest, varying from 20 to 34 feet in diameter, and from 275 to 325 feet high. Sublime sight! Each tree fills me with wonder as I look at it. A glance at one of these immense trunks conveys a new idea of the magnificence of nature; 'glorious as the universe on creation's morn' is this grove. The Titans and the gods fought with such trees as these for clubs when the attempt was made to carry Heaven by storm, as recorded in the Grecian mythology. The trees are so high that you must look twice before you can see the top, and then you cannot comprehend how high they are until you have looked at them from many points of view, and compared them with the little pines in the vicinity, which do not exceed 10 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height. No words, no exclamations, no figures, no description can convey to a person who has not seen these mammoths the vivid impression of their sublime grandeur, which fills and overwhelms the mind of the beholder. But the idea, in its full force, remains in the mind only while the eyes are fixed upon the trees. The conception is too great to be imprisoned in the brain, except by the aid of vision. But Cooper, and while you have that you are delighted. I could lie and look up for hours at these mighty columns, which seem to threaten the heavens; their sight fills my mind with a rapid succession of changing emotions, and I would call them poetic thoughts, but I cannot express them. I feel as though I am a poet without the means of expression, as though, if I could write what I feel, I should produce a poem, where the sun and planets would be tossed about as I kick this gravel at my feet. Now that I look up these trees appear to be among the greatest objects of nature, and men are but earthworms in comparison."

The grove is about half a mile wide and three quarters of a mile long, and it contains 427 standing trees, which, in regard to diameter, may be classed as follows: 1 tree measures 34 feet in diameter; 2 measure 33 feet each; 13 from 25 to 33 feet each; 36 from 20 to 25 feet each; 82 from 15 to 20 feet each in diameter. Total, 34 trees above 15 feet in diameter. Remaining, 293 under 15 feet in diameter.

One tree has fallen, and a considerable portion of it has been burned, but I think it is nearly 40 feet in diameter and 400 feet long.

This tree has been named the *Sequoia Gigantea*, and is an evergreen. The tree has the great peculiarity that it bears two kinds of leaves. Those on the young trees and on the lower branches of large trees are about five-eighths of an inch long and an eighth wide, and are set in pairs opposite to each other, on little stems. But the upper branches of the large trees, which have borne flowers, have little triangular leaves about an eighth of an inch long, and these lie close down to the stem. The cones are not much larger than a hen's egg, and their comparatively small size reminds me of the eye of the whale. The seeds are also very small, being only about a fourth of an inch long, a sixth wide, and almost as thick as common writing paper. The bark is reddish-brown in color, of a coarse, dry, stringy, elastic substance, and very thick on the largest trees not less than 18 inches. The wood is soft, elastic, straight-grained, light, when dry, and red in color, and it bears a very close resemblance to red cedar, except that the grain is not quite so even. The wood is very durable, being, like the redwood, almost imperishable, whether above or below ground.

The *Sequoia Gigantea* is found only on the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, at a height of about 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. It exists only in small groves, five of which are known—three in this county, one in Calaveras, and one in Tuolumne. These three counties are adjacent to each other, and their groves are all between 37 deg. 40 min. and 38 deg. 15 min. of south latitude.—This grove in which I now am is the largest, and there are two other groves within a mile of here, one containing 86 trees, and the other with 35 trees. Tuolumne grove was discovered only a few days ago. It contains 10 trees, one or two of which are said to be 35 feet in diameter.

The Calaveras mammoth grove, to which I am now a flying visit on my way hither, lies north west from here, 50 miles distant in a straight line, but considerably further by the travel roads. This was the first discovered of the mammoth groves, is the most noted, and attracts the greatest number of visitors. It was first known to the whites when found by some hunters in 1850, but the public attention was not called to the place until 1854, when a timbered grove was stripped out of two years and a half, and did not begin to die until after a very hard frost in the Winter of 1856-57.—The bark, with some of the wood of the felled tree, is now in the English Crystal Palace.—There are in this grove ten trees 30 feet in diameter, and 82 trees between 15 and 80 feet; thus making 92 over 15 feet through, while there are 134 of the same size in the large grove of Mariposa. The latter grove has the superiority in the number of its trees and the beauty of its location, and also in having other grand scenery in the vicinity; but the general impression among those who have seen both groves, is that Calaveras has the largest and tallest trees. I have adopted the measurements made by others, which may be incorrect, but I think the general impression right. One of the Calaveras trees which is down now, has been 450 feet high and nearly 40 feet in diameter at the top. The Calaveras grove is in the little basin about two miles in diameter, but the 92 large trees are close together, those furthest from the center of the group being scarcely more than 600 yards apart.

The Mariposa grove was discovered a year or more ago, and the smaller ones near it were discovered last Autumn.

Many interesting ideas are suggested by the consideration of the age of these trees. The

rings of the felled tree were counted, and its age variously estimated, according to the different ways of counting, at from 1,900 to 3,000 years. Probably its age was not less than 2,000 years. It sprouted while Rome was in its glory. It is older than any kingdom, language or creed of Europe or America. It was a large tree before the foundation of the Christian Church, and was fifteen hundred years old before the period of modern civilization began. Twenty centuries look down at me from the tops of half a dozen trees which I now can see; and some of the little ones of ten feet in diameter, now before me, will still flourish in a thousand years from now, when all our present kingdoms and republics shall have disappeared, and our political and social system shall have been swept away as full of evil, and replaced by other and better systems, wherein men will be enabled to live in civilized society without each being forced to rob his brother, by means more or less legal and respectable.

The trees in some places grow very near together, others they are comparatively far apart, and occasionally two or three will be seen which are united near the ground, although they may have sprouted at a distance of ten or fifteen feet from each other.

The *Sequoia Gigantea* grows in a deep and fertile soil, and is always surrounded by a dense growth of other evergreens, such as various species of pine, fir, spruce and California cedar. The scenery in these forests is beautiful. The trees grow very close together, and the trunks, usually from a foot to two feet in diameter, rise in perfect perpendicularity, and without perceptible diminution of size, more than a hundred feet without a limb, and while all is perfect stillness and rest, and shadow on the ground, the traveler, looking up where the sunbeams break through the dense foliage here and there, can see the flexible tops swinging from side to side in the roaring mountain breeze. The ground being never visited by the sun is always moist, and produces a luxuriant and beautiful little undergrowth of mosses, flowers and berries; and I have at times compared myself in such a place to a merman, who while at the bottom of the sea is surrounded by a forest of seaweeds, and surrounded by beautiful shells and the treasures of a thousand wrecks, should look up from his abode of peace, and see the surface of the sea, far above him, raging in a terrific storm.

The best time for visiting the mammoth groves is late in the summer. The Spring is cool so high on the mountains, and there are occasional little showers, which are extremely disagreeable to the traveler.

INDIAN WHISKEY.—A citizen of St. Paul furnishes some pretty hard papers on his fellow sinners who trade with the Northwestern Indians. He says a barrel of the "pure Cincinnati" (7) even after it has run the gauntlet of railroad and lake travel, is a sufficient basis upon which to manufacture one hundred barrels of "good Indian liquor." It says a small bucketful of the Cincinnati article is poured into a wash-tub almost full of rain water; a large quantity of "dog-leg" tobacco and red pepper is then thrown into the tub; a bitter species of root, common in "the land of the Dakotas" is then cut up and added; burnt sugar or some such article is used to restore something like the original color of the whiskey. This compound has to be kept on hand a few days before it is fit for use. It is then administered to the aborigines *ad libitum*. He says all that an Indian wants is something that will "bite," and it matters not whether it is pepper, rum or tobacco; that he will give forty acres of land for one dose. He says some of the speculators who try to "drive a bargain," have only to administer this innocuous preparation to the Chippewas and Sioux simultaneously, and they all start at once for their war clubs and tomahawks, and proceed to cleave each other's brains out.

SKETCH OF LUTHER BY CARLYLE.—A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery, were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, for whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when first began to preach, suffered unheard agony. "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar general of his order, "I can not do it, I shall die in three months. I indeed can not do it." Dr. Staupitz, a well and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir, Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the Table Talk for example.

"AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."—The *Wheeling Times* states that a few days ago Adam Walford, a fireman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a very poor man living at Grafton, in passing through the cars, saw a pocket book on the floor, picked it up and handed it to the conductor, requesting him to examine its contents and take it in charge. The conductor found about \$750 in money, and an equal amount in notes, by which the owner of the property was identified. It had been accidentally dropped by the clerk of a merchant in Wheeling. The clerk presented him with \$5, and the merchant with \$20 worth of groceries.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects generally must lead a truly jolly life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of rose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but wash yourselves in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

"Julius, what a latitudinarian!" "A latitudinarian?" "A latitudinarian." "A latitudinarian, Mr. Snow, is a man what ascertains the circumference of de hemisfer, and brings de axle ob de arf, opposite to de hub ob de universe."

THE GEOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.—Professor A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., F.G.S., recently visited this country, and while here made some notes upon the geology of the Canadas, and the north-eastern provinces generally.

The chief object of his investigation was to discover the effects of glacial action; and he plainly showed, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution in London, that the valleys on each side of the Laurentine chain of mountains, have all been cut by ice. The banks of the St. Lawrence near Brockville, and all the Thousand Islands, have been rounded and smoothed by glacial abrasion during the period when all this mass of ice was moving southward into what is now the Atlantic Ocean. He observed the scratches and striations which are so peculiar to rocks and stones that have been abraded by ice, all along the Catskills, and finding that they do not run down hill, as they would certainly do had these markings been produced by glaciers, but they run north and south, he concludes that they have been produced by icebergs grating along these mountains when the valley of the Hudson was a sea of 4,000 feet deep, and the Catskills formed the coast line. In fact, it seems from the Professor's paper that the whole of America south of the lakes as far as latitude 40 deg., is covered with glacial drift, consisting of sand, which during the subsidence of the country, have been transported several hundreds of miles from their parent Laurentine chain, and all the underlying rock shows the evidence of having been ice-smoothed and striated.

It has long been thought by many geologists that great changes had been effected in the physical geography of the northern part of this continent, by the action of ice, but it has never been so clearly made out before. We have to thank the cold and uncongential epoch known as the "glacial period," for the rounded smoothness of our scenery, the gentle slopes, and sweet descents, the Thousand Isles, and other beauties of our continent. As a contrast, happy and harmonious, to the lover of the picturesque, stand out the rugged rocks and the rough abraded surfaces, which lend an extra charm to the scenery, and render the Catskills a place of such delight. Nature is ever lovely; but when we trace the causes of that loveliness, then wonder mingles with admiration, and intellect as well as sensation is brought into play in the appreciation of our Mother Earth.

STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN.—While at Brattleboro' on Friday, 25th of June, we asked permission to see the statue of Ethan Allen, which is being made by the young artist, Mr. Larkin Mead. This is the young man who surprised the citizens of Brattleboro', a year or two since, by converting a bank of snow into a colossal statue of the recording angel. It was done in the night of the 21st of December, and the angel was represented as finishing the record of the preceding year. The young artist was called to cut in marble, which he afterwards did, and it adorned for a time the National Capitol. He evinced talent of a high order. His model for the Allen statue is a grand conception. It fitted precisely our time of Allen. It seemed to be complete. The right arm is uplifted, his eye is fixed, and we almost expect to hear the cry cry out: "In the name of God and the Continental Congress." We think that the statue will be a great success.—*Trumpet*.

COWS AND SUGAR.—Travelling a few days in Missouri, in sections where the cows have a wide range, we heard a new excitement to bring the cows home regularly at evening. This was, feeding them with sugar the same as you would with salt. A little handful at evening, at the same time of day, would bring them back to the gate with a regularity as un-failing as the sun. After they are well trained in sugar-eating, it may be omitted every other night. A half-dozen notable house-wives assured me that the fact was well worth knowing.—*Ohio Farmer*.

IRON BRIDGE OVER THE NILE.—A great tubular iron bridge is now being constructed at Newcastle, England, and will be completed in about two years, for the Egyptian railroad, which crosses the Nile about midway between Cairo and Alexandria. The river there is eleven hundred feet wide, and a steam ferry-boat is now employed to do the business. It does not suit the go-ahead spirit of the Pasha. He was once detained for four hours in crossing, by an accident to the boat, and he then gave Robert Stephenson orders to build this bridge.

THE INDIA SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.—The prospectus has been issued of the Great India Sub-Marine Telegraph Company, with a capital of £1,000,000 in £20 shares. The proposal is to construct a line, on Mr. Allan's patent, from Falmouth to Bombay, via Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria, and thence by the Red Sea to Aden and Bombay. Mr. Allan contends that his system confers the advantage of an economy of 40 per cent. in the first cost of construction, and of more than 50 per cent. in the working.

A member of the "Dead Rabbit" association in New York city lost a child the other day by death, and, feeling perhaps "the late remorse of love," on account of having treated it ill in its lifetime, he stole a coffin to bury it in. No doubt the poor "little thing" is best smoothed by such an evidence of paternal affection.

SLEEP.—Women require more sleep than men and farmers less than those engaged in other occupations. Editors, reporters, printers and telegraph operators, need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can sleep twenty-four hours, and put their parish to sleep once a week.

A design for another new cent has been issued from the mint in the city of Philadelphia, and it is hoped that the government will adopt it.

There is a coal mine in Schuylkill county, Pa., which has been burning for the last twenty-three years.

Teach your children that there is health, beauty and happiness obtained in the cultivation of flowers.

Character files. Yes, it has wings of course, the lighter it is the quicker it goes.

Intellect. A new fangled thing, just come up, and the sooner it goes out the better.